

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by  
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 SUBSCRIPTION PRICE ..... \$2.00 A YEAR

All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Articles for publication must reach the editor by Thursday noon to insure appearance in current issue.

Resolutions of condolence, cards of thanks, obituary, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge is published, will be charged at regular advertising rates.

The going of George A. Harper from New Trier High school to Tucson, Arizona, will be a real loss not only to the school which he has served so many years but to the entire township. For a score of years he has been a teacher in our high school and for ten years dean of boys. As teacher he has done for his pupils what only a good teacher can do. He has inculcated in hundreds of our boys and girls habits of accuracy and regularity, which the sound teaching of mathematics is so well fitted to accomplish. And no doubt there has grown up in many a youth in Mr. Harper's classes a sense of honesty fostered by the insistence of his teacher on exalt correctness.

As dean of boys, Mr. Harper has had frequent opportunity to come into close and vital touch with the lives of adolescents. Although many of his fatherly words of counsel must have fallen on stony ground, still there must have been much of his good advice and suggestion which took root and matured into useful habits. In a tribute to his long and faithful service he was said to have given unsparingly of his "inspiring character and stimulating mind to the youth of the north shore." Can there be a greater and more generous gift?

The best wishes of his many, many friends of the north shore go with Mr. Harper to his new home.

Motorists on the north shore can take almost numberless little trips covering one or two days of the week end. One the most enjoyable is from the north shore to Milwaukee by way of Green Bay road and the lately completed Route 57. The driver thus avoids entirely the congestion caused by the traffic in Waukegan, Zion City, Kenosha, and Racine. He rides in the open country almost into the very heart of Milwaukee.

If you would penetrate into the Fox River valley, drive south on McCormick road to Touhy avenue, on which latter thoroughfare you can ride west clear to Higgins road, crossing in transit the River road and Mannheim road. Continuing west on Higgins road you will have a delightful ride, even on Sunday, into the quaint little town of Dundee, with its two Chicago trains a day. If you are not dated up for a dinner in Dundee you may turn south at the junction of Higgins road and the Fox River road and proceed pleasantly southward to Elgin and perhaps Geneva and St. Charles.

Or you may prefer to roll out to Lake Geneva via Wisconsin 57 and 50. All these suggestions become more timely as the fall weather advances and the landscape mellows and grows glorious.

Probably the very latest venture in the field of education is not the individual system much discussed on both sides of the Atlantic, but the nursery school. Perhaps the enterprise may blaze a new trail in an old field that will involve changes, many and important, in the culture of children other than those in the nursery. Perhaps even the high schools, colleges, and universities may be so affected that they will adopt a few of the principles of modern pedagogy.

The program of the nursery school is threefold—habit formation, parent education, and research. It will be interesting to see to just what extent desirable habits can be formed in very young children. It will probably remind some of the training of pups and colts. We should also like to see a comparison between what the home does for the young and what regular nursery schooling can do. As for the education of parents, that is a project which should have been undertaken years ago. Most young fathers and mothers know all about jazz and radio and nothing about the bringing up of children.

Success to the nursery school.

People who live on corners can lessen the number of auto accidents and doubtless save life by trimming down their shrubs.

As is very well known, the most dangerous of all dangerous zones are street intersections in towns. Many a driver after having slowed up for a few intersections gets a little careless and shoots across. If at the same time another driver decides to shoot across at right angles, the two cars may meet in the middle of the intersection. More work for the repair shop, the hospital, and the undertaker.

We hold that it is the duty of all village authorities to trim down these corner shrubs and charge the cost of the work to the property owner, if after having been warned he will not trim them himself. Untrimmed corner shrubs and bushes are so obviously a menace to public safety by obscuring visibility that public authorities are certainly justified in taking drastic action when the owner does not act.

Co-operate with your own community officials and TRIM YOUR CORNER SHRUBS!

The North Shore is bound to grow. So long as trains and autos continue to carry hundreds of tourists every week through our sightly towns, the desire to live on the North Shore will continue to grow. And as the population increases so also will the means of supplying needs—business enterprises of all kinds—increase. Moreover these various kinds of business will be just as high class as the people demand that they shall be.

Take the real estate signs off the trees. Put them on posts. So far as we know, trees were not intended to be sign posts. At least signs on trees disfigure the trees and do not serve their purpose so well as if they were on posts. If a real estate man nails a sign on any of your trees, tear off the sign. Let us as far as possible beautify property that is for sale or rent.

## Nursery Schools

## A Real Loss

## Motor Trips

## SHORE LINES

### TO MARGARET

Could I only live again  
 The hours that have gone by—  
 Could I but see you again  
 And hear you laugh and sigh.

Would that I could live with you  
 As in the days just passed—  
 Would that I could satisfy  
 My frenzied love so vast.

Would that now the hours would flee  
 And swiftly rush and hurry past—  
 For each one brings the time more near  
 When I'll come back to you at last.

—THE PISCATOR.

### Why So Impatient?

Mique—Please come and get me. I'm down here at Fourth and Linden (Wilmette). Your editorial writer said last week that there was a 'stop and go' light here and I can't find it. I never run past one and I'm awfully tired waiting. Please, oh please, come help me!

—ANGELICA.

### Plenty, We'll Wager

Dear Mique: If you put up twenty-five smackers that J. Dempsey would win and the other bettin' guy was so sure that Gene would bust the erstwhile Manassa Mauler for a K. O., that he "forgot" to stack his cocoanuts on the line and then Gene won and you grabbed your twenty-five back, what sort of an argument has the other fellow got? To let him off easy I told him that he was as slow in getting up his dough as the referee was in counting when Jack flattened Gene in that seventh round.

And what did he say?  
 What could he say?

—THE OLD PLUG.

### Sounds Plausible

Dear Mique—I've been receiving such a quantity of mail lately that it's got so the postman looks at me with suspicion every time he comes. I suppose he thinks I'm conducting a mail order bootlegging establishment.

Honest Mique, I'm in a pickle—I didn't say pickled. This is on the subject of movies but it isn't movies, so I can't put it on the movie pages. And I'm afraid that crazy representative of the government will sic some of the cops onto me. So will you please to help me out?

The bone of contention became a b. of c. about three weeks ago. There was a story that came out in our paper that had a head that said, "Hub Takes More Room in Orrington Hotel." It wasn't me Mique, honest to goodness, I didn't do it. But people think I did and they keep writing me to congratulate me upon the move. Why, Mique, even if I could afford to take a room in the Orrington I couldn't because Philip Space lives there and to be near him all of the time would be just too bad.

—HUB.

### Pay Up, Boys!

Having given attentive ear to the various and sundry reasons why Brawny Jack should have obtained the decision in his latest ten-act engagement with Gentleman Gene, we are now thoroughly convinced that, rabbit punches and "slow counts" to the contrary notwithstanding, our good friends, Tex, Jack and Gene are, on the whole, quite content with the general situation. Verily, Barnum was right.

—OBSERVER.

### An Explanation

Our worthy contemporary, The Old Plug, was on hand last Thursday plugging for the Manassa Mauler. Net result—six ice cream sodas and a cone for Gin. All of which accounts for that little jab noted in the contribution over his signature appearing a few items above. It's the first time, we understand, he's ever erred with regard to his pet pugilist.

And so, on with the show! Just think of it—World's Series, football, opera, wrestling, six-day bike races, symphony concerts, basketball, the theater, and hockey. Not such a dull winter, eh what?

—MIQUE.